

Wasted

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Summary: dont blame me. i mean, it's okay, but dont get your hopes up. in fact, just dont read it. okay? rated PG13 cause they're so way anyone will read anything PG or G.

Wasted

Okay, so I'm just in class, and I realized I've got a tumor in my esophagus, so now I'm really pissed off. And the safest and most amusing way to channel the piss is to write a story about a bad theme. So I shall, write a story about... Halo! So it all goes down like this...

Master chief is dead! I was just standing there and all the sudden tens of bunches of midget grunts popped out and let out a full clip each of needler ammo. He turned to run, but it was too late. Right as several hundred needles planted themselves into this Mjolnir 5 back plating, he turned to me and said, "Boy, I never liked you." And then he was gone. Mike and I stood there, amazed. Suddenly another needle dug itself into my left wrist and popped. Blood and cartilage was spewed everywhere, and the sent drove the elites crazy, who all jumped from the shadows, and immediately dove on top of Zach, ripping limbs from his mangled torso, with bitter crunches and screams echoing across the channel.

I yelled for Mike and Mitch, and we whipped around backwards and began to run down, to the door for safety. After what seemed like forever, we reached the door, and Mitch typed in the security number. Once it opened, we through ourselves in it and shut it back up.

"wait!" I yelled to Mitch, "we forgot Mike!" Mitch turned around to say something when we saw the floor begin to glow a faint green. We spun around, slowly, to see two hunters staring us in the face, charging their fuel rod cannons. I ran to the right, while Mitch pulled out a hidden shotgun and charged the first hunter. The hunter lowered his shoulders and began to charge for Mitch, so he jumped up

and over the brut, whipped around, and shot it in the soft back meat. It staggered, and stepped around to face Mitch again, we now was busy with the second hunter, that was steadying its cannon, setting the target. Mitch began to unload shells into the hunters armor and face, when the first hunter grabbed Mitch by the calf, raised him up, and with one swipe of the fist, snapped his back, then ate him. With his last breath, mitch threw me the gun, and died.

I bent low in a stupor and picked up the gun. I cocked it, sending a hot shell flying, and ran up to the hunter eating mitch and shot it in the back of the head. Instantly, it was dead. Brains and bone and shreds of armor scattering in front of the beast, some chunks of flesh landed on the armor of the second beast, who turned to face me and, after a short second, fired his huge green missile at me, that blew my chest apart, spraying bone and vital organs everywhere. I then collapsed in a pool of my own filth, and died gasping for air.

Mike emptied another clip from the pistol he found into the elites, who where gaining on him fast. Suddenly, the a loud purr echoed through the channel, and a warthog appeared over the edge, careening through to Mike. On its way, it ran over several hundred grunts, making the tires slippery from all the blood and guts. As it fishtailed the elites, it slipped on their organs, and couldn't stop. In a crazy spin out, it ran over mike, so he's dead, too. In the end, only the flood survives, but their not in this story, so I don't care. The end.

Okay, if you actually read this, I applaud you. Thanks for not getting pissed and leaving when MC died. (MC is Canadian lingo hip for Master chief). Alright, so I don't have a tumor. I just wanted an excuse for killing Mike who called me fat and ugly and dumb. The end!!1

End
file.